

Dol. Oh sir, you are too sure an Augurer:
That you did feare, is done.

Cesar. Braucht at the last,
She leuell'd at our purposes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1. Guard. A simple Countryman, that brought his Figs:
This was his Basket.

Cesar. Poyson'd then.

1. Guard. Oh *Cesar*:

This *Charmian* liu'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming vp the Diadem;
On her dead Mistis tremblingly she stood,
And on the sodaine dropt.

Cesar. Oh Noble weaknesse:
If they had swallow'd poyson, 'twould appeare
By externall swelling: but she lookes like sleepe,
As she would catch another *Anthony*
In her strong toyle of Grace.

Dol. Heere on her brest,
There is a vent of Bloud, and something blowne,
The like is on her Arme.

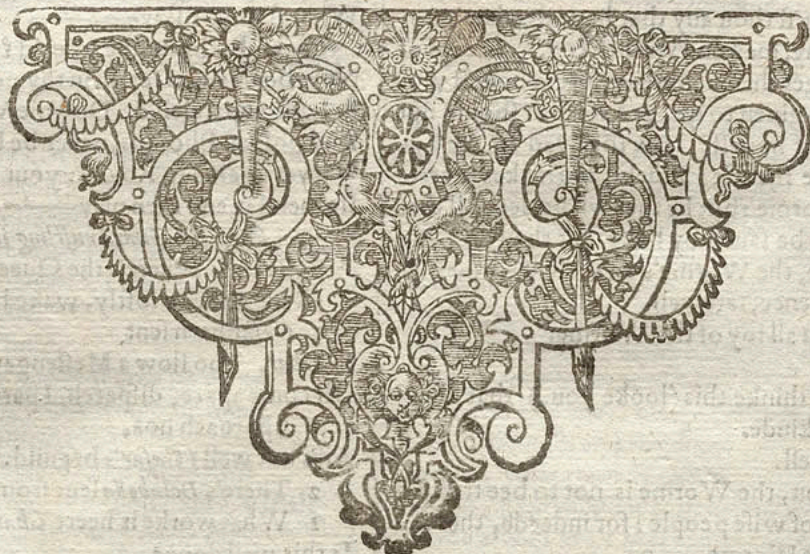
1. Guard. This is an Aspicks traile,
And these Figge-leaues haue slime vpon them, such
As th'Aspicks leaues vpon the Cauces of Nile.

Cesar. Most probable

That to she dyed: for her Physitian tels mee
She hath puri'd Conclusions infinite
Of easie wayes to dye. Take vp her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her *Anthony*.

No Graue vpon the earth shall clip in it
A payre so famous: high euent as these
Strike those that make them: and their Story is
No lesse in pittie, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemne shew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come *Dolabella*, see
High Order, in this great Sollemnity. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.



THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent.

You do not meet a man but Frownes.
Our bloods no more obey the Heauens
Then our Courtiers:
Still seeme, as do's the Kings.

2. Gent. But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom
He purpos'd to his wifes sole Sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath refer'd her selfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2. None but the King?

1. He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they weare their faces to the bent
Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they frowle at.

2. And why so?

1. He that hath miss'd the Princess, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, alacke good man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and such stuffe Within
Endowes a man, but hee.

2. You speake him farre.

1. I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,
Crush him together, rather then vnfold
His measure duly.

2. What's his name, and Birth?

1. I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd *Stellius*, who did ioyne his Honor
Against the Romanes, with *Cassibulan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He seru'd with Glory, and admir'd Successe:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.

And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of yssue, tooke such sorrow
That he quit being; and his gentle Lady

Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) decaist
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus Leonatus*,
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiuer of, which he tooke
As we do ayre, fast as 'twas ministred,
And in's Spring, became a Haruest: Liu'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lou'd,
A sample to the yongest: to th' more Mature,
A glasse that feated them: and to the grauer,
A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistis,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her electio may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2. I honor him, euen out of your report.
But pray you tell me, is she sole childe to th' King?

1. His onely childe:

He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old
I th' swathing clothes, the other from their Nursery
Were stolne, and to this houre, no ghesse in knowledge
Which way they went.

2. How long is this ago?

1. Some twenty yeares.

2. That a Kings Children should be so conuey'd,
So slackely guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them.

1. Howsoere, 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:
Yet is it true Sir.

2. I do well beleue you.

1. We must forbear. Heere comes the Gentleman,
The Queene, and Princess. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Q. No, be assur'd you shall not finde me (Daughter)
After the slander of most Steep-Mothers,
Enuill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Prisoner, but
Your Gaoler shall deliuer you the keyes

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Thac